A LOST SISTER. REHARKABLE HISTORY .-- A correspond ent of the North American, (of Philadel phie) has furnished a series of sketches from the classic valley of Wyoming, including an interesting account of the Inian Massacre during the Revolution. We are indebted to him for the following remarkable & comantic, though veracious narrative. The facts are corroborated by nexed briefly traces the finger of Providence in this history.—Troy Whig.

At a little distance from the present

Court-house at Wilkesbarre, lived a famy by the name of Slocum, upon whom a visitations of the Indians' cruelties ay away in the fields, and in an instant house was surrounded by Indians. Phere was in it the mother, a daughter about nine years of age, a son aged thirteen, another daughter aged five, and a the boy aged two and a half. A young were present grinding a knife. The first the floor, and at once be asleep. thing the Indians did was to shoot down the young man, and scalp him with the knife which he had in his hand. The nine year old sister took the little boy two years and a half old, and ran out of the back door to get to the fort. The Indians chased her just enough to see her fright, and having a bearty laugh as she ran and clung to and head has chubby little brother. They then took the Kingsley boy and young Slocum, aged thirteen, and little Frances aged five, and prepared to depart. But finding young Slocum lame, at the earnest entreaties of the mother, they set him down and left him. Their captives were han young Kingsley and the little girl. The mother's heart swelled unutterably, and for years she could not describe the scene without tears. She saw an Indian throw her child over his shoulder, and as her hair fell over her face, with one hand she brushed it aside, while the tears fell from her distended eye and stretching out her other hand towards her mother, she called for her aid. The Indian turned into the bushes, and this was the last seen of little Frances. As the boys grew up and became men, they were very anxous to know the fate of their little fairlinited sister. They wrote letters, they sent inquiries, they made journeys

My reader will now pass over 58 years from the time of this captivity, and supose himself far in the wilderness in the artherest part of Indiana. A very respeciable agent of the United States is reling there, and weary and belated, with a tired horse, he stops at an Indian rig cam for the family are rich for Indians, borses and skins in abundance. In the course of the evening, he notices that the hair of the woman is light, and her skin under her dress is also white. This led a conversation. She told him she was a white child, but had been carried away when a very small child.

She could only remember that her name

peradventure they might learn any

long journeys were made in vain. A si-

lence deep as the deepest forest through

which they wandered, hung over her fate,

and that sixty years.

was Slocum, that she lived in a little house in the banks of the Susquehanna, and and the order of their ages! But the name of the town she could not remember. On reaching his home, the agent mentioned the story to his mother. She urged him to write and print the account. Accordingly he wrote it and gent it to Lancester in this State, requesting that it BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE. Other views began to present themselves unaccountable blunder it lay in the office with a look of anxiety and alarm, as he cruel, thought she; how happy we might the five lieutenants first appointed, and purchased those things cheap by crying have been this evening, had I not driven was entrusted with the command of the down their merits, and now he will palm nright be published. By some, to me, unaccountable blunder it lay in the office few days it fell into the hands of Mr. Slocum of Wilkesbarre, who was the little her sleeping infant, weeping most bitter how kind to bring a book purposely to two and a half year old boy, when Frances ly, 'Is the boy sick?"

Let a book purposely to the command of the Essex of 36 guns. Faugh! who can feel pleasure in a scene was taken. In a few days he was off to noe his sister, taking with him his oldest sister, (the one who sided him to escape,) and writing to a brother who now lives in Ohio, and who I believe was born after captivity, to meet him and go with

(18 be two brothers and sisters are now inst sixty you after her captivity. After araveling more the three hundred miles through the wilderness, hey reached the Indian country, the home of the Miami Indian. Nine miles from the nearest white, they find the little wigwam. "I shall know my stater, and the civilia sister, because she lost the mail of her first finger. You, brother, hammured it

off in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old." They go into the cabin ling the very picture of sorrow and dis- leved to unite her fate with his, on account the Tripolitism freebooters. He proceed- first much pleased; but when I recollecfour years old." They go into the cabin and find an Indian woman having the appearance of seventy five. She is painted and jeweled off, and dressed like an Indian is all respects. Nothing but her hair and covered skin would indicate her origin. They get an interpreter and begin to converse. She tells them where she was born, her name, with the order of her. Tripolitian freebooters. He proceed for the Constitution of the privations she must undergo. O, did I not think, that, with him for a companion, the most humble establishment of the cabin of the privations she must undergo. O, did I not think, that, with him for a companion, the most humble establishment of the cabin of the privations she must undergo. O, did I not think, that, with him for a companion, the most humble establishment of the capin of the privations she must undergo. O, did I not think, that, with him for a companion, the most humble establishment of the constitution in the Constitution frigate, then as now, the favorite ship of figate, then as now, the favorite ship of the doc. After a momentary pause, she continued—'Sophia was in just now—denial would be severe! and now that I am suffering for succepts. He proceed that the tears and laughter were but introduced for the occasion; the light-norm and vigorous continued—'Sophia was in just now—denial would be severe! and now that I am suffering for succepts and laughter were but introduced for the occasion; the light-norm and vigorous continued—'Sophia was in just now—denial would be severe! and now that I am suffering for succepts and laughter were but introduced for the occasion; the light-norm and vigorous continued—'Sophia was in just now—denial would be severe! and now that I am suffering for succepts and laughter were but introduced for the detail and vigorous continued—'Sophia was in just now—denial would be severe! And that no self-denial would be severe! And that no Tather's family. "How came your nail kerchief. gone?" said the oldast sister. "My older 'Young brother pounded it off when I was a little than to attend parties,' said Mr. Lindley; gloomy, how desolate, did her comforta-child in the shop!" In a word, they were we happily, have better engagements, ble and well-furnished little parior appear satisfied that this was Frances, their long and more precious pleasures.'

In a word, they were and more precious pleasures.'

Married ladies seem no more confined that sunshine would his smile shed around? But I have displeased, grioved, wounded, forced him from me?

L'indley, who gramed to have heard only the first part of her husband's remark.

It was the first time she is transported to have heard only the first part of her husband's remark.

Mrs. Long, and Mrs. Southwell, and in
Mrs. Long, and Mrs. Southwell, and in
Mrs. Long and Mrs. Southwell and Mrs. Southwell and Mrs. Southwell and well-surnished little partor appear as sho re-entered it. 'Oh!' Cried she, 'what sunshine would his smile shed around! but I have displeased, grioved, wounded, forced him from me!

Never had an hour in Mrs. Lindley's the first part of her husband's remark.

pare not satisfied

speak English?" "Not a word." "Did any bireling that could be found." she know her ago?" "No-had no idea "But was she entirely ignorant?" of it," cemes m be Puritans.

NDEPENDENT

word. She lived with the Delawares, who | make a wife happy?" carried her off, till grown up, and then

The brothers and sisters tried to persuade their lost sister to return with them. and if she desired it, bring her children. They would transplant her again to the banks of the Susquehanna, and of their wealth make her home happy. But no. She had always lived with the Indiansthey had always been kind to her, and she had promised her late husband on his death bed that she would never leave the Indians. And there they left her and hers, wild and darkoned heathens, though sprung from a pious race.

Mr. Editor-Your correspondent "Civs" in the North American of this mornng remarks that by some unaccountable olunder the letter (written by the Indian trader) was permitted to lie unnoticed for two years. It was the very unaccountable blunder which caused it to reach the object it was designed to effect. whole train of circumstances as detailed the writer of this communication some months since by a near relative of one of the parties. The letter was addressed to the post master in Lancaster, the trader not knowing of any more likely spot to

which to direct it; it was regarded as a hoax, or at least having so little interest that it was carelessly thrown aside. After the lapse of two years, it was thoughtlessly picked up by the wife of the post master, and after reading it, she deter-mined to send it to the editor of one of the Lancaster papers, in which it was inserted simultaneously with an address un temperance, which it was thought desirable to disseminate as widely as possible. Extra copies were accordingly stricken off, and one of these sent to a clergyman, whose brother was a resident of the Wy oming Valley, and who had heard of the circumstances that a family in that valley had lost a sister during the Indian wars, for whose recovery they had always manifested great anxiety. He accordingly enclosed the paper to one of the broth ors, and the letter was thus carried to its proper destination. The mother had exacted from them a promise that they should never intermit their exertions to recover their sister out all their efforts had been vain. The ultimate results which will flow fro how many there was in her father's family, can tell-but surely it is impossible to resist the conviction that some superintending Ruler has drawn together the

link of such a chain. Philadelphia, Aug. 29, 1839.

beautiful wife, sitting beside the cracle of him from me! How tender he was-and Pickering. The next year he received a them off for double their value by prais-

"No," answered the afflicted lady, the is

quite well. 'Then what is the matter my dear Em-Mr. Lindley seated himself beside his from some source or other, there was not marchantmen, valued at several millions wife, and took her hand while speaking.

I am worn out with this perpetual con-finement, answered Mrs. Lindley; 'this unvarying round of dull domestic care." into the country the day before?-Come,

whether he would ask me to be his? What mand of the squadron destined to the Medwere his months when he once said to itermnear, consisting of seven sail, to prostitute for society, said Mrs. Lindley are, 'That with his present fortune, he
who still sat with her head inclined, looks should not dare to ask the woman that he

deed all my friends are to be at Mr. present; and it was not until after the Whitewell's to-night.—No one but myself clock had struck ten, that the well known

ry-maid, since you think it would con-

istory, I said to him-"but could she not than entrust him to the care of almost

"Sir, she did not know when Sunday his wife. Her voice was never harsh-This was indeed the consum- never loud-but it certainly did not sound my folly? my cruelty? mation of ignorance in a descendant of sweetly, as in a kind of low gutteral, Her whole history might be told in a she replied, Some gentlemen choose to

Mr. Lindley dropped the hand he had married a Delaware. He either died or till then held within his, and rising, walkran away, and she then marriad a Miami ed the floor rapidly, He did not whistle—Indian, a chief as I believe. She has two he did not sing—but he just made the daughters, both of whom are married, notes of a tune audible, as he inhaled and and who live in all the glory of an Indian exhaled the air between his scarcely cabin, deer-skin clothes and cow-skin pouted lips. After some ten or fifteen head-dresses. No one of the family can minutes spent in this manner, he sudden-speak a word of English. They have ly seized the rolume he had mentioned, orses in abundance, and when the Indi- and seating himself near the lamp, began an ninter wanted to accompany her new to turn the leaves. Meanwhile Mrs. Lindrelatives, she whipped out, bridled her ley neither spoke nor moved. Her head some, and then, a la Turk, mounted rested on her band, and her eyes sought astride and was off. At night she could the carpet-but no tear fell, for her feelthrow a blanket around her, down upon ings were too highly excited to permit them longer to flow. The disturbed husband found his book a vain rescuree, and after twirling the leaves a few minutes, he threw it on the table and left the room. The next moment his wife heard the street door close behind him.

Then, indeed came a fresh flood of tears. 'This,' she exclaimed, as she covered her face with her hands, "This is the sympathy he feels for me! To leave me thus to perfect solitude!" Mrs. Lindley was now wrought up to real agony. The infant at this moment awoke-and clasping him to her bosom she cried-'Yes, darling, your father's feelings are such towards your poor mother, that to avoid her society, he is even willing to leave you, dearly as he loves you!"

With the unconscious infant cradled in her arms, the mother indulged herself in looking back on the giddy scenes of her youth-or rather of her unvaried life-for her youth was yet in all its freshness and beauty. Her freedom from care-from by your correspondent, was narrated to confinement—the parties—the balls—the I can never again be so foolish—so cruel concerts-the drives-all came thronging upon her:

"While memory, - - - covered with flowers, Restored every rose, but secreted its therm."

In the retrospect, the picture was all brgibtness—all gladness—and what was her present lot? How great was the contrast! No variety-no pleasure; 'all her days were twins;' a perpetual round of petty household cares, and a helpless infant always by her side or in her arms! How dark did a disturbed imagination render the review! She thought and wept, until she verily believed hemself the most wretched woman alive; -while at the hottom of all lay a feeling of displeasure against her husband, as if he were the wilful cause of all her troubles.

For nearly an hour Mrs. Lindley indulged herself in these purely selfish mu-George be?' she cried. She felt some alarm; and laying her again sleeping infant in the cradle, she went to the window, a footstep was to be heard; and with con-

On the whole Mrs. Lindley was not only a rational animal but a reasonable and reasoning woman-and the period had now arrived for a revulsion of feeling, different parts of the globe.

Other views began to present themselves But in 1798, on the establishment of a 'Is the boy sick?' asked Mr. Lindley, to her mind. 'It is I, I myself that am about a party? Did I ever attend one, however bulliant-however gay-where, as much suffered as enjoyed? Did I ever of dollers. On this voyage he gave chase attend one, in which I did not hear or see to a French corvette which he would have expressed the workings of envy, of jeal- overtaken, had not the wind died away ouse, of contempt, or of ridicule? In such which permitted her to escaps by means *Perpetual confinement, my dear!' said soones did I not experience quite as much of her sweeps. On his return he was ap-Mr. Lindley; 'did you not spend yester- pain as pleasure, unless, indeed, I could pointed to the Adams for the Mediterraday with your mother? and take a drive secure the undivided attention of George? And now he is all my own, and I drive mand from ill health. dearest, dry your tears, and listen to as him from me? What did I not endure interesting book I brought home with me, while doubtful whether he loved me? while doubtful whether he loved me? ered his health, he was appointed to com- of the architecture was painting, and the the window-to the door. In vain-no her name and effectually protected her mantic forest with a handsome floor-and gry look at me, and exclaimed-" There, Young ladies have little else to do husband was to be seen or heard. How than to attend parties,' said Mr. Lindley; gloomy, how desolute, did her comforta-

is in bondage. Every one beside can footstep of her husbard met her listening have a numery maid, and all else that is ear. With a bound she met him in the necessary to make them comfortable and I am you are come. Her husband appy.

I am you are come.' Her husband stephen Decatur. This ship had unfortunately grounded and failen into the hands the light hurs my eyes; or it is as gloomy that we cannot have a nurpery-maid, since you think it would connect to your happiness though for my own of the Blow upon it, and leaned his head of the Castle and the principal battery, catch a little repose during the night, just thirteen men and a half.

Dearest George will you forgive me? Again the first part only of what Mr. said the trembling wife, while she twined Lindley said, seemed to meet the ear of her arm in his, and looked up imploringly in his face, will you, can you forgive

Yes, Emily-I can do any thing you ask of me.

'O, George-don't speak so coldly-so sadly!-Alas, I have made you very unhappy!

You have, Emily, for I fear your union cheerfully to make." O, say not-think not so, my dearest

insband!-for netwithstanding appearmes are so much against me, it is Since you left me this evening,' she added, while a faint smile strove to chase know a pang like that which shot through free me from care, as he has freed poor and child !- I cannot forgive myself-but spread around. O, say that you forgive me!

Forgive you dearest Emily-I have nothing to forgive, if you will only be

O. I am most happy !- most blessed! -blessed in having such a husband! This bitter-bitter evening has taught me, that ration. all the joys of life cannot be crowded into one state, or one period; and I do think I can never again regret the giddy pleasures of my youth, while in possession of those so much more precious. Henceforth it shall be my pleasure to strive to make you as happy as you make me-and to educate our boy to be as much like his father as possible. O, say once more that you forgive me-for depend upon it. --so wicked!

The husband bent forward, and imprinta long kiss on the forward of the suppliant. She looked up, and his eyes, caming with love and renewed confidence, gave her perfect assurance that all was forgiven!-forgotten!

NAVAL BIOGRAPHY.

COMMODORE PREBLE. Commodore Preble was born in Portland, in August, 1761. His father, Jedediah Preble, moved there from York about 17-

named.

As early as 1779, Commodore Preble entered the little navy of the Revolution sings, murmurings and regrets, when the as midshipman in the Protector, a state clock in a neighboring street, striking the ship of 26 guns. On his first cruse, his ed the things of this world, and was so hour of nine aroused her. Where can ship captured a British letter of Marque wonderfully troubled with the blue devils. of 35 guns; but on her second, she was herself captured by a frigate and a sloopof-war. By the friendship of Col. Tyng, and thence to the door, to learn if he were a refugee and friend of his father, he was most unhappy man. Look around you, coming. The street was quite still-not released, and soon after entered the sloop said he, contracting his brow and drawflicting feeling she re-seated herself be- While in this ship he was stationed in the preme contempt for every thing in the side her child. 'O, he is cruel?' thought Penobscot, where he distinguished him- world; "look around you, and behold all she; 'Where can he be!-In his office- self by capturing an armed brig of supreior where !-- O, that he would or force to the Winthrop, with a tender able-miserable world. See that store, and 44 men.

formed various voyages as a ship master to enough to turn the wheel of a wind-mill

lantic Oceans; and in ISOO he conveyed life; for it is but a succession of sorrows. home from the East Indies, It American We have hopes that are blasted-affecnean, but was obliged to decline this com-

In May, 1803, having sufficiently recovcommerce from the depradations of these huge rocks that, if any one touched, marauders. President Jefferson, in his shook like an aspen leaf. I saw a man's message of December, 1803, mentions arm behind the scene pushing along with "the promptitude and energy of Commo- the greatest case a mighty castle, fordore Prebe and the conduct of our offi- tress, tower, outhouses, and surrounding cers generally, as mariting entire appro- grounds; with some fine misty moun-

vy performed those brilliant feats which stroyed the pleasure of the evening, and approach to the remantic age of chivalry, I went home with a heart heavier than and which spread its renown through the when I came. Nothing can pleas me. I civilized world. Among these was the never can be contented with the fashions destruction of the Philadelphia frigate by a party of volunteers under command of Stephen Decatur. This ship had unfortunately grounded and fallen into the hands the light hurts my eyes; or it is as gloo-

When Mr. Slocum war giving me this should have the charge of our darling boy, clouded, yet more in sorrow than in an with her guns mounted and loaded, and but there are ten c two corsairs full of men riding near. Decatur with 70 volunteers entered the harmy nose, and away consciousness of bor in the most gallant manner at night, my sorrow. I use there as much moboarded and carried the frigate against all ney sorrow. I use have as much mo-opposition, slew 20 or 30 of her crew, and If I no out to dist

intrepidity were displayed by our gallant officers and men, more resembling the conflicts of the crusaders, than the systematic battles of more modern days. when I go home, the littrapys knock at with me requires sacrifices you are unable The Turks were astonished at their des- my door and run away. I have been awaperate courage, and asked if these men kened a hundred times from a wie nap that fought so were Americans, or infer in my back parlor by these little rasals. ear- nals in Christian shape sent to destroy Sometimes I have gone to the door in not the sons of the prophet. An instance of expectation of beholding some friend

On his return in ISO4, Congress voted the thanks of the nation to Commodore Preble, for his efficient services in the Mediterranean, with an emblematical

THE UNHAPPY MAN.

It has been the remark of some poet, that the bee draws honey from a flower, while the spider will light upon it and extract poison. It is thus with men; some will go through any trouble, witness the wreck of their property; the loss of their friends; be surrounded with all the ten thousand vexations of human life; yet gather knowledge from their misfortunes, and feel happy that they are no worse. They turn their meditations rather to the blessings than the cares of the world and when they retire at night to their family, they talk, laugh, amose themselves and all around them with a flow of pure sport-determined to be happyand are so. There are other men who are exactly the reverse. They take a deal of trouble to find out the misories around them, and brood over every care

with a gloomy ill-natured disposition, that marks them for misanthropists. Such a 50, and married in 1754 for his second one is my friend. He is the most miser-wife a daughter of Joshua Bangs, who able being I ever saw. With a strong came from Cape Cod, and from whom the mind, and a proud spirit, he easily discov-Island at the mouth of Portland harbor is ers what he considers the imperfections of mankind, and seems really too haughty to be happy.

The other day I took the trouble to

ask him why it was that he never enjoy-

" Why," said he, "I'll tell you what it is: I don't know the reason-but ever since I can remember, I have been a -of-war Winthrop, as first Lieutenant. ing his person, as if he felt the most suthe cheating and hypay of this mi which its owner has bedecked with gan-After the peace of 83, there being no dy crapes, and all the finery of woman's employment for him in the service, he perand velvet cloaks to set off some foolish creature who thinks she is more beautiful Navy by the United States, he was one of because she is extravagant. He has society for my sake-and cannot I for his In this ship he rendered valuable service like this? I would kill myself, but that -And afterall, what is there so desirable to our commerce in the Indian and At- were foolish; though I can hardly endure

tions that are betrayed, joys that are

fleeting, and pains that last forever." He paused, and we walked on a few moments, when he continued-" they talk of amusements. I went once to the theatre, to see a great actor perform a favorite part. When I first entered, I thought the house was beautiful und splendid. I took the pains to examine; and found the pictures were coarse, much It was during this service, that our na-sky. All these absurdities entirely de-

ns to one but some opposition, slew 20 or 30 of her crew, and drove the rest overboard, and set fire to the ship without the loss of a man.

Other instances of personal valor and half inclined to think are the hero, and

deep self-devotion occured in the blowing who might soothe my melanchely: I open up of a fire-ship, sent by Commodore the door-poke out my head-perhaps a away the gathering tears-"since you left Preble into the harbor for the destruction cold winter night-and no one to be seen. me, I have had ample time for reflection of the Nepolitan flotilla. Capt. Somers A stifled laugh meets my ear, and I see -for retrospection. I have reviewed my had charge of this expedition, accompani- the coat tail of some raggamustin little married and my single life; and my cru- ed by Lieut. Wadsworth, and ten men. rascal just turning the corner. Oh, the city, my ingratitude, my childish perverse-less to-night have caused me the most harbor, was boarded and captured by two them once; but though I felt a little satbitter self-upbraidings. May you never of the enemy's gallies, containing 100 is fied at their ducking, yet even then I know a pang like that which shot through men cach. At this moment the fire ship- had reason to feel the truth of the provmy heart, when the thought struck me. with It O barrels of powder, exploded! and erb, 'there is no pleasure without its that the great Disposer of events, might friend and foe were burried in one com- pain, for my beautiful new china basin, mon grave. The effect was awful-every for which I paid an enormous price-my Charlotte, by taking from me my husband battery was silenced, and deselation was poor basin, fell, and dashed to pieces. hought, however, I had rid myself of my tormentors, when one evening I heard a knock, Betty went to the door, and rejurned with the news that there was no one there. Now, thought I, they shall medal, which was presented to him by the be punished—another knock—quick, President in terms of esteem and admi- Betty, quick. I was obeyed. With the utmost caution I crept to the windowopened it-another basin of water was ready, and on the very instant another thundering rap rung through the house. With triumphant eagerness I emdtied the contents; looked forth with the delighted hope of enjoying their confusion; when,

to my utter consternation, there was not a single person therel the street was clear; the water had fallen harmless on the walk; and the knocker, though touched by no visible hand, moved up and down with increased rapidity. 'The very devil,' said I, ' the very devil himself has entered into a league against me? I rushed to the door, and-Oh, all ye powers of mischief and rascality, what a sight was there! A long string was attached to the knocker, and these termentors of my life had hold of one end, which reached round the corner, and were thus amusing themselves at my expense. 'They are worse than the musquetoes, said I, as I re-entered the house; and the little rascals made me unhappy for a month. I actually went into the country, that they should forget to plague me; but when I returned, Monsieur Tonson came again! so I took off my knocker-tore down my belland live as lonely as a hermit. " It seems as if fate delights to tease

me. I was a few months ago taken dangerously ill, and expected to die, and I therefore gave my children, who are now settled in life, each a portion of my property. Well, to make a long story short, I recovered; but when I confidently asked a return of my fortune, to the completion of my sorrow, they refused. Can you believe it? they refused; and I am now living a poor man, dependent on the generosity of those Lenriched."

By the time my unfortunate friend had

finished his story, we had arrived at the street where we were to part. I shook his hand, and could not but attempt to comfort him. I suggested, that although there was indeed no pleasure without its pain, yet, on the other hand, there was no pain without a pleasure. Concerning his unfortunate visit to the theatre, I told him he ought to try and forget the imperfections of the place; attend rather to the beauty and talent of the performers, than to the fiction of the play that is performed; and I urged to him, that if he would observe with candor, the great powers of Cooper, or watch the beautiful eye, and intelligent countenance of Miss Johnson, as she was delighting every one else with the chaste clegance of her acting, he could not but have forgotten, at least for a time, his miserable fate, and he would have passed his evening like a happy man.

" Forget," said he, "forget-how can I but see, that a man is a fool who will weep at the misfortunes that he knows are but feigned, or laugh at the ludicrous situations that are but planned for his pleasure? As for Cooper, I am ashamed that he could bring a tear into my eye; and Miss Johnson, to say the candid truth, Miss Johnson did please me. I was de-lighted, and the only fault I found with her was that I could not see her more often." As he spoke, a light breeze came sweeping down the street; blaw the dust into his eyes, as he faced the point whence it came-took away his straw hat, and deposited it in the gutter. When he regained it he placed it upon his head, and as a passenger smiled at his ludicrous appearance, he cast an anthat's always the way with me," moved off with a most tramendous frown upon his brow, and I have no doubt he mourned over the little accident all the night,-This is an unhappy man: -there are men who pride themselves on being

A country greenhorn, after being joined of the guests, a friend, if he had paid the parson; to which he replied, "Oh, no! hut he's owing fuher for a peck of beans, and we'll make a turn of it."